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10¢ DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL
TRUE
CRIME
STORIES

SO YOU FOUND
HER, YOU NOSEY
COPPERS! NOW DIG-
DEEP ENOUGH FOR
TWO MORE!

SORRY WE CAN'T MAKE THIS
A WEEKLY MAG WHICH
THOUSANDS OF LETTERS HAVE
ASKED FOR, BUT CRIME DOES
NOT PAY DOES BECOME A
MONTHLY BEGINNING WITH
THIS ISSUE!

CHARLES BIRO

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS
INTEGRITY

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's the Greatest **BILDFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold and
Pass Case to hold money,
bills and credit cards. So
securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.



Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILDFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILDFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

**DeLuxe
VALUE**

**Smart
STYLING**

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.



YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identifica-
tion record for you



NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
800 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shipped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at. Handy! Efficient! Durable! Made! The nearest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. No rush your order today! If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9400A
800 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Coin Holder, Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay just what you ask, \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise Tax and postage charges. (It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.)

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise Tax (total \$2.37). Please ship my Billfold under all postage charges prepaid.

☐ Social Security No. _____

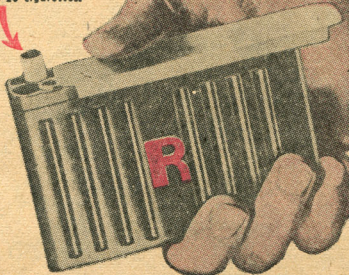
**SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY is published monthly by LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N.Y., Bella Kimmelfeld, Business Manager. Editorial, Business and Advertising Offices at 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Single copies 10c; yearly subscription in U.S. \$1.25. Copyright, 1947 by Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. May, 1947. Vol. 1, No. 51.

Men! Ladies! Look At This Offer!



Each cigarette pops-up ready for use. Case holds 20 cigarettes.



You get BOTH for only \$2.98

\$2.50 Value Pop-a-Cig INITIALED Cigarette Case
\$2.00 Value Polished Aluminum Cigarette Lighter

**CIGARETTES
POP UP
ONE AT A TIME**

**WORKS EASILY
WITH
ONE HAND**

**LAST CIGARETTE
EMERGES ROUND
AND FIRM**

**NO CRUMPLED
CIGARETTES OR
LOOSE TOBACCO**

Every Smoker In America Will Want To Send For The Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case And Lighter On Our Guarantee of Satisfaction or Your MONEY-BACK!

Here is what we consider to be the most unusual Cigarette Case and Lighter value now being offered to the cigarette-smoking men and women of America. In these days of sky-rocketing prices, you won't find a smarter, better-looking or better-made set than this anywhere for the sensationally low price of only \$2.98. Men and women who have seen this beautiful matching set are wild about its elegant and distinctive appearance.

Take that Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case if you've ever used the ordinary type, you'll marvel at the difference. Handy? And how! Water-tight, yet it cleverly conceals and holds 20 cigarettes in place to pop out one at a time—fresh, uncrumpled, round and firm. A "lick" of the finger and out comes your cigarette, ready for instant use. Virtually automatic. Nothing to get out of order. Case itself is smartly-styled of beautiful full tone plastic with slide top and your own per-

sonalized initial in contrasting, mirror-finish metal. Your friends will admire its quality appearance and durable, featherlight construction. The Pop-a-Cig is made to give years of faithful pleasurable service.

As for the Lighter—it's one to compare with those you've seen in the better stores selling up to \$5.50. Good-looking? You bet it is! Beautiful, slim, "light as a feather" styling. Highly polished aluminum construction that glistens with newness. Can't rust. Won't bulge in your pocket. Sure-fire, fast-acting lighting wheel. Recessed, semi-windproof design. Large fluid capacity. In fact, all the latest improved features that go to make this handsome, faithful lighter today's outstanding value. A smart, good-working lighter you'll be proud to own and use.

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail the Coupon Below To Receive the Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and Polished Aluminum Lighter on Our 10 Day Examination Offer!

Don't wait! Order your Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and Polished Aluminum Lighter set now while this low price offer is in effect. You'll want one for yourself, of course. Makes an ideal gift, too. Ladies will find this set most appropriate and handy for purse or slacks. But hurry. The

supply set aside for this offer is sure to go fast. Mail the coupon today. Naturally if you are not delighted with this great bargain you may return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

RUSH THIS COUPON for this Once-in-a-Lifetime Bargain!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 308
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

Gentlemen: ☐ Rush me the Pop-a-Cig Initialed Cigarette Case and Polished Aluminum Lighter as described. I will pay the postman on arrival a total of only \$2.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not satisfied in every way I may return the set in 10 days for full refund.

This is the Initial for the Cigarette Case _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

☐ I am enclosing \$2.98 in advance to save C.O.D. and shipping charges. Send the Case and Lighter to me—all postage charges prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY!
Just Mail This Coupon Today

Amazing, New, Popular PICTURE RING

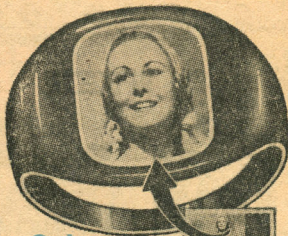
Made From Any Photograph
Picture or Snapshot—Picture Hand-
Painted in Natural Colors - 25c Extra

Here it is! The most thrilling, precious and intimate keep-sake you could own! Imagine! An exquisitely beautiful Picture Ring with the actual portrait of someone near and dear enshrined like a gem in its setting! A priceless remembrance of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, son, daughter, sweetheart. The picture stays sharp and clear for years and years—without rubbing, washing, wear—unharmful by water, weather, heat or cold—cannot tarnish. What more beautiful remembrance could there be than this beautiful Picture Ring with the most precious setting a ring can have—the actual portrait of a loved one? Your Picture Ring becomes a cherished keepsake you will treasure and guard for years to come, like a precious piece of jewelry.

SEND NO MONEY—Mail Photo and Ring Size

Don't send a penny! Simply rush the coupon below with any photo, snapshot, or picture and your ring size. Your Picture Ring will be made at once, to fit your finger and shipped to you. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus few cents postage and Federal Tax when he delivers your Ring. Photo will be returned unharmed with Ring. If not delighted, return Ring within 5 days for your money back. Rush coupon, photo, and ring size NOW

PICTURE RING CO. Dept. J-116, 616 Walnut Street,
Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Only
\$1.00
SEND NO MONEY

Picture Ring Co.
Dept. J-116, 616 Walnut Street
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my Picture Ring at once. I will pay postman \$1.00, plus few cents postage and Tax. If I am not completely satisfied I may return Ring within 5 days and you will refund my money. ☐ Check here if you want picture hand tinted in natural colors for 25c extra.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

RING
SIZE



COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE

Here's 3-Way Relief:

1. Eases throat tickle
2. Soothes raw, irritated membranes
3. Helps loosen phlegm



"Why is a cough
out of place at
a sales counter?"



"Because she's
no bargain!"

STILL
ONLY

5¢



EVERYWHERE

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

the

HOOVER BROTHERS

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO BROTHERS BECOME DEADLY RIVALS FOR RACKETS' GOLD? WHERE WILL THEIR MURDEROUS SAGA OF MUTUAL HATRED AND JEALOUSLY END? WHO WILL TRIUMPH-- CAIN OR ABEL? WHO WILL DESTROY THE OTHER? WHAT IS THE HORRIFYING SECRET BEHIND THE DUEL OF "THE BLOODY BROTHERS!"

THERE'S THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF BROTHERLY LOVE... CRIME STYLE! TWO BROTHERS EMBRACING EACH OTHER AFTER A LONG ABSENCE-- IN AN EMBRACE OF DEATH! BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER, BUT NOT WHEN THE LUST FOR MONEY RUSHES THROUGH THEIR VEINS! AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE BROTHERHOOD... WHEN IT'S MURDERHOOD!

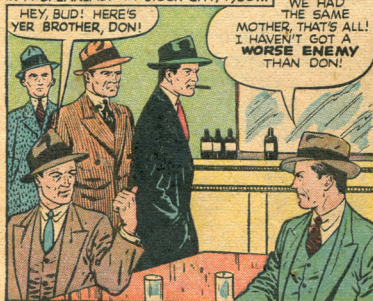
A
**TRUE
CRIME**
STORY



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.

the editors

IN A SPEAKEASY IN SIOUX CITY, 1930...



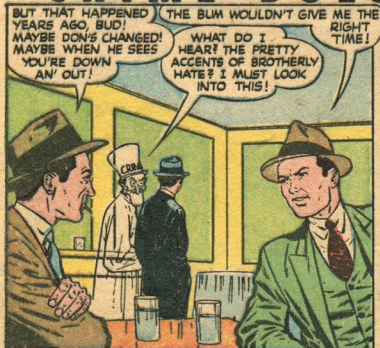
HEY, BUD! HERE'S YER BROTHER, DON!

WE HAD THE SAME MOTHER, THAT'S ALL! I HAVEN'T GOT A WORSE ENEMY THAN DON!

WE WERE ROUGH KIDS FROM A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD! ONE DAY WE HAD A FIGHT-- I FORGOT WHY! HE WON, AND FROM THEN ON, HE USED TO BEAT ME UP OFTEN! ALL I REMEMBER AS A KID WAS GETTING BEATEN UP BY DON!



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IT'S BEEN YEARS I GAVE YA A GOING-OVER, BUDDY BOY! BUT YER CHILDHOOD'S GONNA COME BACK TO YA JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

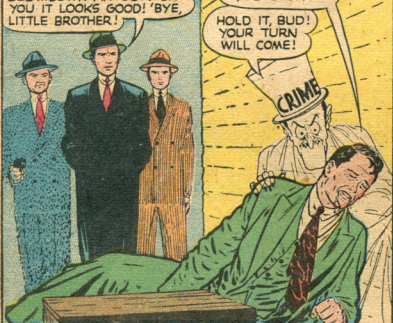
WAIT A MINUTE, DON, I'M SORRY, I LOST MY HEAD!



THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE YA, BUD...DOWN AN' OUT! ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD! 'BYE, LITTLE BROTHER!

YOU DIRTY...

HOLD IT, BUD! YOUR TURN WILL COME!



NOW! THEN... REMEMBER TO STAY OUTTA MY WAY!

YESSIR! I SURE LIKE TO SEE TWO BROTHERS "GET ALONG"!



SOME DAY I'LL GET HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!

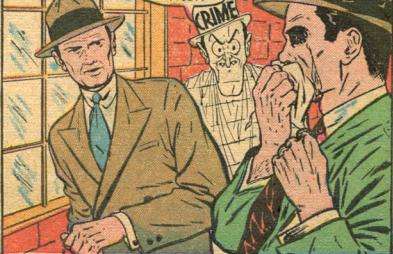
SURE, BUD, SURE! I KNOW YOU'LL GET EVEN ONE DAY!



FER PETE'S SAKE! WHAT 'IT YEU - YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE!

I'M ALL RIGHT! THAT'S JUST THE WAY MY LOUSY BROTHER SAYS "HELLO"! C'MON, WE GOT A JOB TO DO, AIN'T WE?

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO SEE THIS BROTHERLY LOVE RIPEN INTO NICE ROTTEN FRUIT!



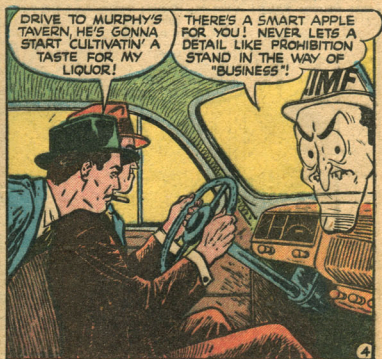
THAT NIGHT...

ALL RIGHT! GET 'EM UP! AN! DON'T START YELLIN' FOR THE COPS!

THE JOB BUD AND HIS CRONEY HAD TO DO STARTED OFF OKAY!



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MINUTES LATER AT MURPHY'S...

WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? AIN'T DON HOOVER'S ROTGUT THE BEST IN THE WEST?

S.SURE!
GLUB!
TH...THE BEST!
CHOKE...I'M SOLD!

I KNEW YOU'D BE A CUSTOMER, MURPHY! YA CAN'T BEAT QUALITY, Y' KNOW! NOT AFTER YA GET A GOOD TASTE OF IT!

MURPHY'S BAR



WHERE TO NOW, BOSS? THE STILL?

NO! GOT A COUPLA "PROTECTION" CALLS TO MAKE! MRS. GREENE, I SEE BY MY RECORDS SHE AIN'T PAID HER PROTECTION BILL FOR THIS MONTH!

THINK I'LL GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE!



THE FIRST STOP...

YER KID'S GONNA LOSE MORE'N HIS SWEET TEETH: HE'S GONNA LOSE ALL OF 'EM, MRS. GREENE!

PLEASE, MR. HOOVER! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

IF YOU'D PAID ON TIME, YER SON WOULD'VE BEEN PROTECTED! TOO BAD HE WON'T HAVE NO TEETH TO TASTE YER CANDY!



...AND LAST STOP, DON'S HEAD-QUARTERS...

I GOT RID OF THOSE HOT CARS, DON! HERE'S THE LETTUCE!

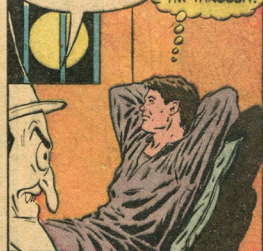
AN' HERE'S THE SMUGGLE MONEY FROM THAT CANADIAN DEAL, OKAY?



OKAY, HE SAYS, HUM? WHY, IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BIG CROOK LIKE DON, AND A SMALL FRY LIKE BUD!

YOU KNOW WHERE BUD WAS ALL THIS TIME—BUILDING CRIME CASTLES IN THE AIR—DREAMING... WAITING...

I'LL SHOW HIM! HE'LL LAUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE BEFORE I'M THROUGH!



ANOTHER MONTH OF THIS RATHOLE AND I'LL HAVE DON WHERE I WANT HIM—UNDER MY FEET!..RUBBING HIS NOSE INTO THE DIRT!

YOU BET YOU WILL, BUD! JUST KEEP DREAMING!



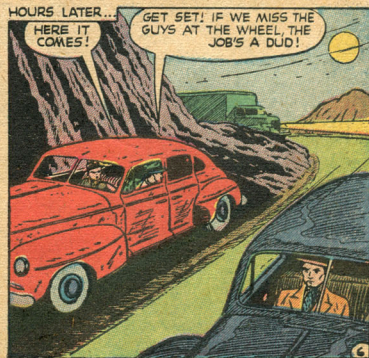
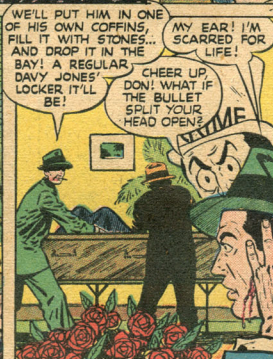
ON THE DAY BUD CAME OUT, DON RAN INTO BAD LUCK! WHILE HE WAS CALLING ON AN UNDERTAKER, WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE MUSCLED OUT OF HIS OWN RACKET!

WATCH IT THIS TIME, BOSS! THOMAS DON'T SCARE EASY!

THEY ALL SCARE EASY—WITH A SLUG IN THEIR GUTS!

THOMAS' FUNERAL PARLOR

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



COVER ME WHILE I GRAB THE WHEEL BEFORE THEY CRACK UP!

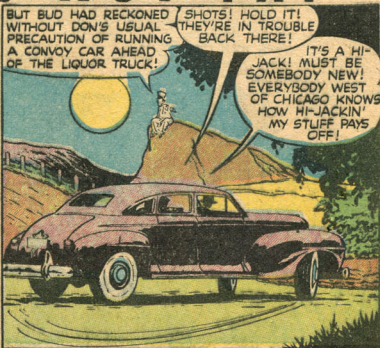
HI-JACKERS!

YAAAA!!

BUT BUD HAD RECKONED WITHOUT DON'S USUAL PRECAUTION OF RUNNING A CONVOY CAR AHEAD OF THE LIQUOR TRUCK!

SHOTS! HOLD IT! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE BACK THERE!

IT'S A HI-JACK! MUST BE SOMEBODY NEW! EVERYBODY WEST OF CHICAGO KNOWS HOW HI-JACKIN' MY STUFF PAYS OFF!



A CONVOY CAR! IT'S CURTAINS!

OH, WHAT BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!



TOSS 'EM ALL INTO THE MISSOURI RIVER!

HIM, TOO?

HONEST, DON, I...I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR TRUCK! I...I WOULDN'T DO THAT TO YOU! I'M YOUR BROTHER!



AN' I'M YOURS! SO I AIN'T KILLIN' YA, BUD! JUST GONNA BEAT YA TO AN INCH OF YER LIFE!

N.NO! NO! DON! NO!



YAAEE!!

GIVE HIM MORE, MORE! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!

CONSIDERIN' WHAT DON COULD'VE DONE, IT WAS 'BROTHERLY LOVE' WHICH SAVED BUD FROM A WORSE FATE!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET A LITTLE SET-BACK SPOIL YOUR PLANS FOR REVENGE, ARE YOU, BUD?

I'LL SHOW THAT ONE-EARED SKUNK!

HELP! HELP! SLOW DOWN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THOSE CROOKS MUST'VE WANTED MORE THAN YOUR WALLET...FROM THE LOOKS OF THE BEATING THEY GAVE YOU!

AND HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE ME OFF!

THAT'S THE FIGHTING SPIRIT, BUD!

CRIME

BUD DID FIGURE THE RIGHT ANGLE! FOR WEEKS HE SWEATED OUT EVERY DETAIL! PRETENDING TO HAVE BEEN HURT IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, BUD STOPPED AN ARMORED CAR JUST OUT OF SIOUX CITY!

THAT GUY LOOKS HURT! MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP!

OKAY, SUCKER, IT'S A STICK-UP! TURN AROUND AND SCRAPE THE SKY!

I'M PROUD OF YOU, KID! I'M PROUD OF YOU! THIS IS BIG TIME—YOUR BIG CHANCE!

CROSSING THE STATE LINE INTO THE FORESTS OF MINNESOTA, BUD TIED THE DRIVER UP IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE ALONE...IN THIS FOREST?

YOU GUESSED IT, CHUM! AND THERE'LL BE A GAG IN YOUR MOUTH SO YOU CAN'T YELL!

AN ARMORED TRUCK—THERE MUST BE A MILLION BUCKS IN THERE—AN' IT'S MINE IF I CAN FIGURE THE RIGHT ANGLE!

ATTA BOY!! WHAT YOU COULDN'T DO WITH THE INSIDES OF AN ARMORED CAR!

CRIME

IT WAS DAYS BEFORE THEY FOUND EITHER THE CAR OR THE DRIVER!

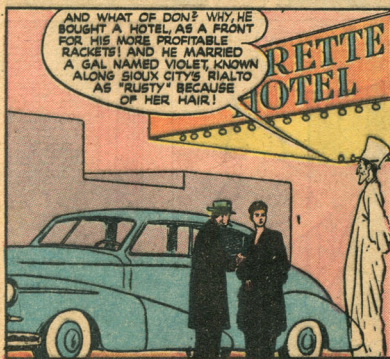
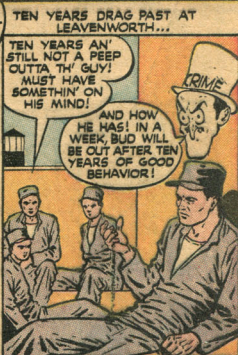
POOR GUY! HE'S ALMOST DEAD OF EXPOSURE!

"AND IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE THE POLICE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE HOT MONEY IN A SIOUX CITY POOL PARLOR!"

ALL RIGHT, TONY! WHERE'S THE BRIGHT BOY WHO'S BEEN PASSING ALL THAT ROASTER-HOT DOUGH AROUND HERE?

THERE! THE ONE P-PLAYIN'! D.DON'T SHOOT UP THE PLACE, PLEASE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUD WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE! THEN WHEN DON LEFT TOWN ON A SHORT TRIP...

THIS IS DON'S BROTHER, BUD! MIND IF I DROP OVER ON A MATTER OF MUTUAL PROFIT?

NOT AT ALL, BUD! THE PASSWORD IS: DOLLAR SIGN!

SHORTLY AFTER...

OKAY, WE BOTH WANT DON'S DOUGH—YOU FOR REVENGE, ME FOR MINK COATS! HOW DO WE GET IT?

DON HAS LOADS OF ENEMIES! IF HE DISAPPEARED, THE COPS WOULD BLAME HIS GANGLAND ENEMIES, AND YOU'D INHERIT ALL HIS MONEY!

IT'S A DEAL, BUD! YOU TAKE CARE OF DON, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR CUT OF HIS WILL!

BUT FATE CHEATED THEM BOTH! DON HAD A SMALL ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD AND RETURNED HOME THE SAME DAY—THE SAME HOUR TO BE EXACT!

SO THEY LET YOU OUTTA YER CAGE, HUH? YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU WERE BACK IN LEAVENWORTH, BUD!

DON!

NO, HE AIN'T! AND HE AIN'T PULLING HIS BODYGUARDS OUT OF A HAT, EITHER! IT'S ME AGAINST YOU, DON, FOR KEEPS!

UGH!!

HE'S PULLING A G-GUN!

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR, BUD!

DON'T ANSWER IT!

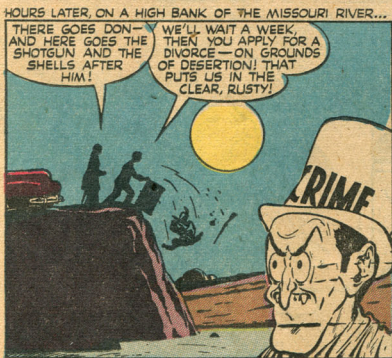
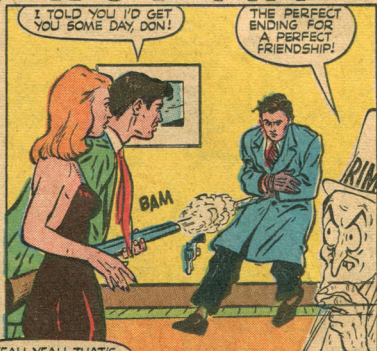
MIGHT BE THE POLICE!

YOU IN TROUBLE, MRS. HOOVER? HEY, THAT'S YOUR HUSBAND GETTIN' BEAT UP!

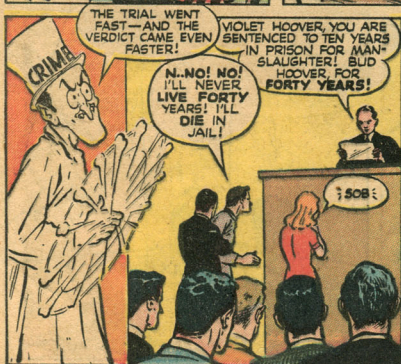
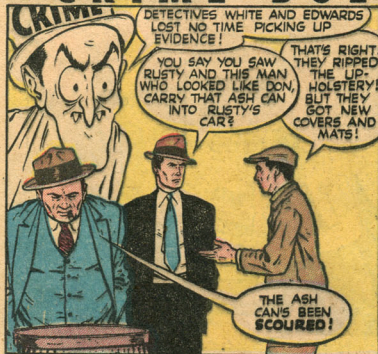
NO LAUNDRY TODAY! SCRAM!

KNOCK KNOCK

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

PRETTY BOY FLOYD

the TWO-FACED TERROR

drawn by
FRED GUARDINEER

PRETTY BOY FLOYD HAD TWO FACES—ONE--THE HANDSOME YOUNG FACE OF INNOCENT MANHOOD! BUT HIS SECOND FACE WAS THAT OF A HIDEOUS KILLER—CRIME PERSONIFIED—WHICH WAS HIS TRUE IDENTITY! WHAT'S THE SECRET BEHIND THE DEADLY CRIME CAREER OF "THE TWO-FACED TERROR!"

A
**TRUE
CRIME**
STORY

IN A SUBURB OF ST. LOUIS...

GOOD MORNING, MAM! I'M SELLING A DICTIONARY. I'M SURE YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN!

MY, ISN'T THAT BOOK SALESMAN HANDSOME!

COME RIGHT IN, YOUNG MAN!

WHAT A NICE DICTIONARY! I THINK I'LL TAKE ONE!

SWELL, MA'M! THERE'S A SURPRISE THAT GOES WITH IT!

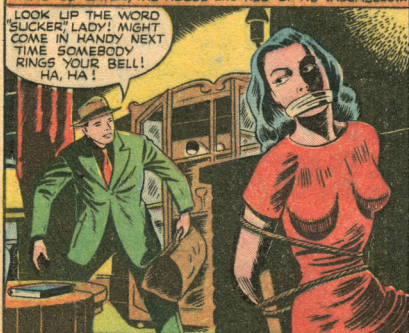
THIS! I'LL TAKE ALL YOUR SILVER AND JEWELRY! DON'T BE A FOOL AND TRY SCREAMING, UNLESS YOU WANT TO CHECK OUT!

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO BE FUNNY—WHY YOU ARE A CROOK!

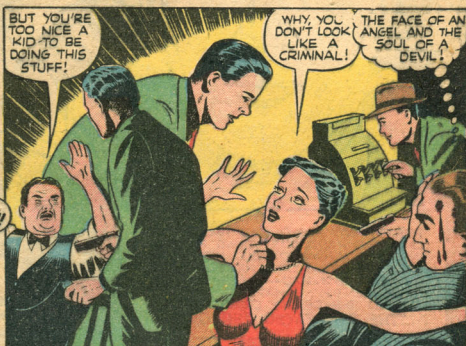


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MINUTES LATER, THE HOUSE EMPTIED OF ITS VALUABLES...



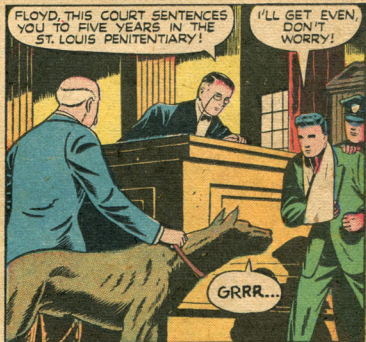
AND SO IT WENT, CRIME AFTER CRIME...



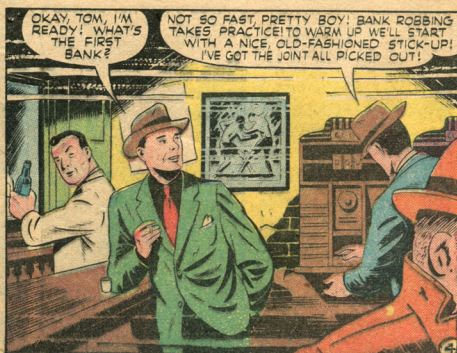
...UNTIL ONE NIGHT IN A MANSION NEAR ST. LOUIS...



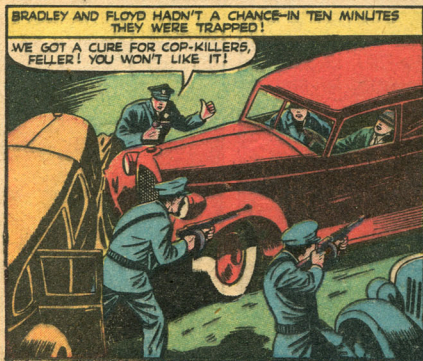
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

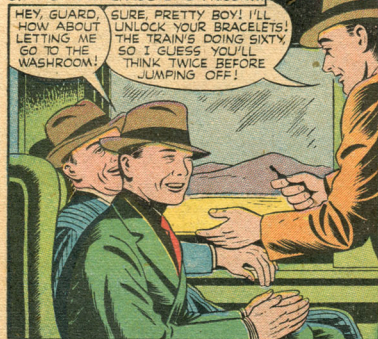


CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE TRAIN ENROUTE TO PRISON...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

...WHICH WAS EXACTLY WHAT FLOYD DID!

REMEMBER, NOW—TAKE ANOTHER LOOK! I'M FLOYD! THIS IS COLORADO AND I CAN'T BE IN ARIZONA AT THE SAME TIME, ROBBING ANOTHER BANK!



WHAT'S THE DIFF? YOU'LL SIT IN JAIL FOR ONE AS WELL AS TEN HOLD-UPS!



WE MADE \$40,000 OUT OF THAT, FLOYD! WHERE TO, NOW?

KANSAS CITY, RICHTETTI! I GOT A LETTER FROM MY PAL, VERNE MILLER! HE WANTS TO SEE ME! SOMETHING'S HOT!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN KANSAS CITY...

HELLO, VERNE, WHAT'S STEWIN'?

FRANK NASH WAS PICKED UP BY THE FBI IN HOT SPRINGS! THEY'RE BRINGING HIM THROUGH KANSAS CITY! THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO HELP SPRING OUR OLD PAL!



YOU MEAN HI-JACK FRANK FROM THE G-MEN?

YEAH! RIGHT AT UNION TERMINAL WHEN THEY GET OFF THE TRAIN! THE GOONS IN THIS TOWN ARE TOO SCARED TO HELP! THIS TAKES SOME PLANNING, AND LOTS OF LEAD!



I DON'T WANT FRANK ROTTING IN LEAVENWORTH FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE! I'M WITH YOU, VERNE!

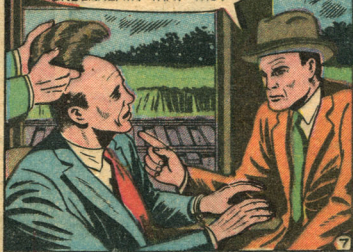
COUNT ME IN, TOO! NASH DID ME LOTS OF FAVORS!

SWELL! I'VE BEEN SAVIN' THESE FOR A TIME LIKE THIS!

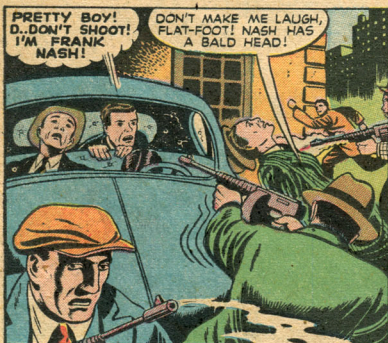


OUTSIDE KANSAS CITY ON THAT JUNE, 1933 DAY, WHICH CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE KANSAS CITY MASSACRE...

WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES OF YOUR PALS RESCUING YOU, NASH! THEY'LL NEVER IDENTIFY YOUR BALD HEAD UNDERNEATH THAT WIG!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN OCTOBER, 1934, THE G-MEN TRACED FLOYD AND RICHETTI TO WELLSVILLE, OHIO...



THE TRICKY FLOYD ESCAPED ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS...



WHILE THE FBI SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, FLOYD HID FOR WEEKS IN A WELLSVILLE BARN, UNTIL ONE DAY...

I'M HIDING UNDER THAT TARPAULIN,

GOSH, THAT GANGSTER'S GONNA KILL POP! I'M CALLIN' THE POLICE!

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT!

GET 'EM UP, HAYSEED! WE'RE GOING BYE-BYE!

AND IF YOU LET OUT ONE SQUEAK ABOUT ME BEING HERE, I'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT!



THE FBI AND WELLSVILLE POLICE MET THE FARM TRUCK HALFWAY OUT OF WELLSVILLE...

COME OUT OF THAT TARPAULIN, FLOYD! THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING!

SAYS YOU! THIS AIN'T THE FIRST TIME I GOT AWAY!



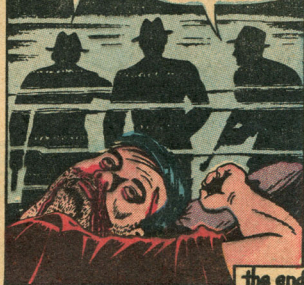
NO! BUT IT'S THE LAST TIME YOU'LL TRY!

EEEE AAAA!!



NOTHING PRETTY NOW ABOUT PRETTY BOY FLOYD, EH?

NEVER WAS! THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING PRETTY ABOUT CRIME OR CRIMINALS AND FLOYD KNOWS IT NOW!



the end

OPERATIONS MONTHLY

BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE CRIME DOES NOT PAY BECOMES A MONTHLY MAGAZINE! THAT WAS EASIER SAID THAN DONE---IT REQUIRED DOUBLE THE EDITORIAL EFFORT---DOUBLE ART WORK---DOUBLE PRESS TIME, ENGRAVING AND PAPER. THIS MULTIPLICATION OF LABOR WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN JUSTIFIED IF THE HIGH QUALITY STANDARDS OF ITS CONTENTS SUFFERED ONE IOTA---WE KNOW THEY HAVEN'T. WE ALSO KNOW THAT IT WAS YOUR WISH---IT WAS YOUR LETTERS, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF THEM THAT MADE "OPERATIONS MONTHLY" A REALITY. HERE ARE SOME.

108 V L
Amherst, Ohio
December 11, '46

Dear Sir,
I enjoy Crime Does Not Pay very much and wonder why you don't make a monthly out of it.
Yours truly
John Planchon

515 S. Caroline St
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Sir,
I would like to have your Crime Does Not Pay monthly.
Sincerely yours
Mrs. Eleanor Price

841 Monroe St
Dunkirk, N. Y.

Dear Editor,
I regret that you don't publish Crime every week.
Yours sincerely,
Agnes B. Buel

564 West Main
Danville, Va.

Dear Mister Bino-
I wish Crime does not pay was published once a week.
Yours truly,
Neal Howard

December 1, 1946

Dear Sirs,
My mother and father along with me wish you would make Crime Does Not Pay a monthly magazine.
Yours truly,
Stanley Kriesko
107 Cleveland St.
Hudson, Pennsylvania

P.O. Box 72
Agadiz, P.R.

Dear Sirs,
Why not make Crime Does Not Pay one magazine a week?
Sincerely yours,
Joel Vaggy &

Dear Sirs-
I and lots of other boys in my neighborhood like Crime Does Not Pay comics and we would like for it to come out every other week.
Albert Mery
335 Broad St
Sumter, S.C.

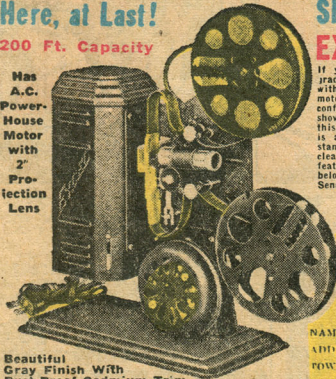
39 Belmont St.
Hartford, Pa.

Dear Sirs
My only regret is that Crime Does Not Pay isn't published weekly.
Yours truly,
Robert C. Snyder

Here, at Last!

200 Ft. Capacity

Has
A.C.
Power-House
Motor
with
2"
Projection
Lens



Beautiful
Gray Finish With
Rust-Proof Cadmium Trim

Show Your Own Movies at Home!

EXCEL 16 mm MOVIE PROJECTOR

If you have always wanted to own a high grade Movie Projector, don't wait. Here, without a doubt, is the finest low-priced, motor-driven Projector available today. Don't confuse this with ordinary Toy Projectors showing 8 mm film, even though the price on this offer is sensationally low. The EXCEL is a nationally known projector that shows standard 16 mm movies with remarkable clearness and beauty. Note the many quality features, then rush your order on the coupon below. Get your EXCEL now while you can. Send only \$1.00, then pay the postman the C. O. D. balance on arrival. If not delighted you can return in 10 days for full refund.

RUSH YOUR ORDER

\$19.50

Complete

- All-Metal
- Positive Tilting Device
- 120 Watt Projector Lamp
- Built in Condenser

SEND Only \$1.00

☐ I enclose \$1.00. Please send me the EXCEL 16 mm Movie Projector C. O. D. for \$18.50 plus postage charges. If not satisfied in every way I can return in 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

Illinois Merchandise Mart
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Special Film Offer
100 Ft. Movies only \$2.75 each. Start your own film library. Check which you want:

- ☐ Barney Google
- ☐ Scrappy
- ☐ Crazy Kat
- ☐ Three Stooges
- ☐ News of the World



GOLD PLATED 2 RINGS for 98¢

Ruth for Duty

On this offer you get the beautiful heart-shaped simulated Birthstone Ring, also the lovely simulated Cameo Birthstone Ring, both for only 98¢. These rings have the elegance and beauty you would expect to find in more expensive rings. Each setting is mounted on a gold-plated shank to fit any size finger. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just give us your name and address and month you were born on a penny post card. Then pay postman only 98¢ plus tax and postage on arrival for two rings. Satisfaction positively guaranteed.

Select Your Very Own BIRTHSTONE Color

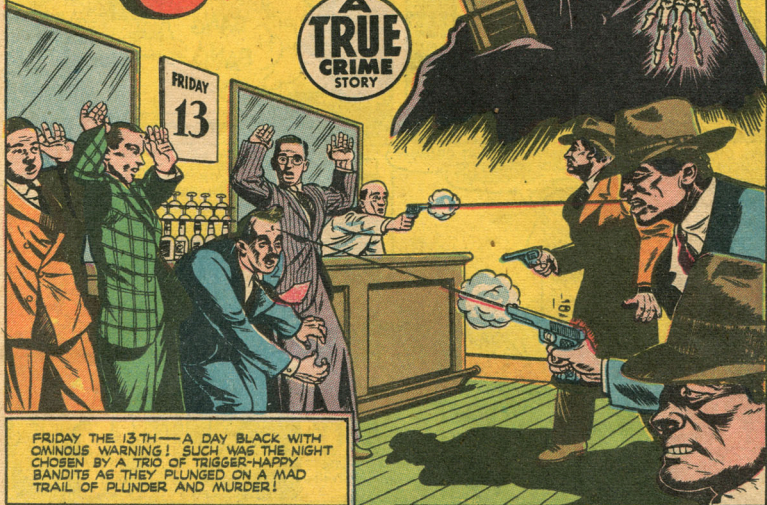
- January - Garnet
- February - Amethyst
- March - Aquamarine
- April - White Sapphire
- May - Emerald
- June - Alexandrite
- July - Ruby
- August - Peridot
- September - Sapphire
- October - Opal
- November - Gold in Sapphire
- December - Diamond



ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola Ave. Dept. R, Chicago 26, Illinois

killers' JINX

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY



FRIDAY THE 13TH—A DAY BLACK WITH OMINOUS WARNING! SUCH WAS THE NIGHT CHOSEN BY A TRIO OF TRIGGER-HAPPY BANDITS AS THEY PLUNGED ON A MAD TRAIL OF PLUNDER AND MURDER!

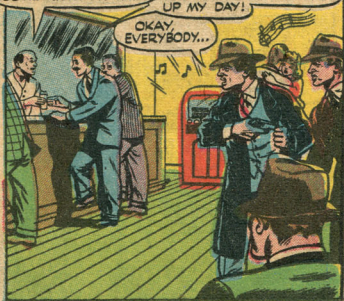
HERE'S YOUR USUAL BEER, THANKS! I LIKE A GLASS OF BEER BEFORE HITTING THE HAY—SORT OF WINDS UP MY DAY!

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE "HOME CORNER" TAVERN ON NORTH WASHINGTON AVENUE, CHICAGO. THE TIME AND DATE: ONE MINUTE AFTER MIDNIGHT, FRIDAY, THE 13TH, 1939...

WELL, ANOTHER DAY GONE AND ONE LESS PAGE ON THE OLD CALENDER—IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR PETERSON TO DROP IN FOR HIS USUAL BEER!

YEP YA KIN SET YER WATCH BY THAT GUY! HEY, LOOK WHAT'S HERE...FRIDAY THE 13TH! JUST MENTIONING IT IS ENOUGH TO GIVE A GUY THE CREEPS!

OKAY, EVERYBODY...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



LINE UP AGAINST THE BAR AN' KEEP YER MITTS UP HIGH! DIS IS A STICK-UP!

YOU CAN HAVE WHAT I'VE GOT BUT, D...DON'T SHOOT!

THEY'RE NOT TAKING MY DOUGH!

HE'S COOKED! TOO BAD I DIDN'T GET THAT CRUMMY BARTENDER BEFORE HE DUCKED DOWN INTO THE CELLAR!

C'MON, THOSE SHOTS'LL BRING THE BULLS IN NO TIME!



I HEARD THE SHOTS AND SAW THREE GUYS RUN DOWN THE BLOCK—ONE OF THEM RAN INTO AN ALLEY, CARRYING A SHOT-GUN! THE OTHER TWO HOPPED INTO A CAR AND SPED AWAY!

WHAT KIND OF CAR WAS IT?



I COULDN'T GET THE LICENSE NUMBER, BUT IT WAS AN OLD FORD SEDAN WITH A STICKER ON THE REAR WINDOW READING "KEEP AMERICA OUT OF THE WAR"! HMM... THANKS! IT'S A GOOD LEAD!



MINUTES LATER, DETECTIVE O'DONNELL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD ARRIVES...



THEY GOT PETERSON! THE DIRTY RATS!

BANG
BANG
BANG

THE POOR FELLOW NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM—KILLED INSTANTLY! YOU SAY THERE WERE THREE OF THEM, BARTENDER? AND YOU'D BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT, DETECTIVE O'CONNELL! I'LL NEVER FORGET THEIR UGLY MAPS!



HELLO, O'CONNELL! I SEE YA BEAT US TO IT! WHAT DID YOU GET ON THE CASE?

NOT MUCH! WE GOT DESCRIPTIONS OF THE KILLER AND THE GETAWAY CAR! HE WORKED WITH TWO OTHER HOODS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT TIES IN WITH A FLASH THAT CAME IN A FEW MINUTES AGO! ANOTHER TAVERN WAS STUCK UP IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ON NORTH DAMEN AVENUE! MIGHT BE THE SAME MOB!

THANKS! I'LL GET OVER THERE WITH DETECTIVE MINEHAN AND SEE IF THE DESCRIPTIONS CHECK, AND MAYBE PICK UP SOMETHING ON THEM!



THIS IS THE PLACE, MINEHAN, THAT WAS TAKEN JUST BEFORE THEY KILLED PETERSON! WE'LL START WITH THE BAR-TENDER!

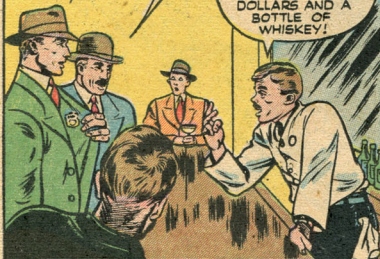
RIGHT—MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US SOMETHING TO GO ON!



CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE GUYS WHO STUCK YOU UP?

YEAH, HOW MUCH DID THEY CLIP YOU FOR?

SURE, I CAN DESCRIBE THEM! THERE WERE THREE OF 'EM! ONE WAS VERY DARK! THEY TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY!



A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY?

YEAH—AFTER THE MUG TOOK THE DOUGH, HE STEPPED UP TO THE BAR AND SAID, "GIMME A BOTTLE O' WHISKEY!" SO, I SHOVED A BOTTLE OF CHEAP STUFF AT HIM, HOPIN' HE DIDN'T KNOW GOOD STUFF—BUT HE SHOVED IT BACK AND CALLED FOR THE BEST!



WHAT DID YOU GIVE HIM?

I GAVE HIM A FIFTH OF 'DILL AND DILL' BONDED WHISKEY! HE MADE ME OPEN A NEW CASE!

HOLD ON! LET'S SEE THE REST OF THOSE BOTTLES! IF THE NUMBERS ON THE REVENUE STAMPS UN IN SEQUENCE WE CAN LEARN THE NUMBER OF THE STAMP ON THE BOTTLE THEY TOOK!



YOU WERE RIGHT, MINEHAN—THE NUMBER ON THE MISSING BOTTLE IS "8042572"! C'MON, WE HAVE A LITTLE MORE CHECKING UP TO DO!

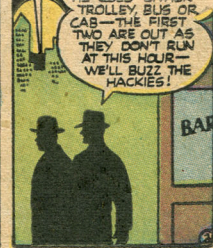
RIGHT!

I HOPE YOU GET THE DIRTY RATS!



WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

ONE FACT STANDS OUT—TWO OF THEM USED A GETAWAY CAR—THE OTHER GUY WITH THE SHOT-GUN RAN UP AN ALLEY WHICH MEANS HE USED EITHER TROLLEY BUS OR CAR—THE FIRST TWO ARE OUT AS THEY DON'T RUN AT THIS HOUR—WE'LL BUZZ THE HACKIES!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



LET'S SEE IF ONE OF THESE GUYS KNOWS ANYTHING!

I HOPE SO—WE'VE PUMPED ALMOST EVERY CABBIE IN TOWN—IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT A BREAK!



DID ANY OF YOU GUYS PICK UP A FARE ABOUT 12:30 A.M. IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?

I PICKED UP A TOUGH LOOKIN' CUSTOMER AT ABOUT THAT TIME! I EXPECTED TO FEEL A ROD IN THE BACK OF MY NECK ALMOST ANY MINUTE—BUT HE DIDN'T PULL ANYTHING!

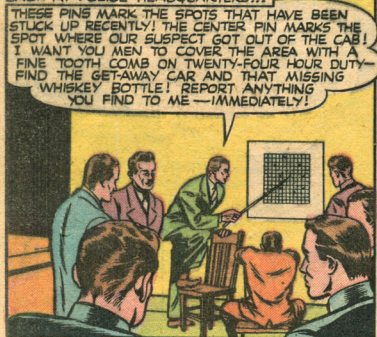


WHERE DID YOU DROP HIM OFF?

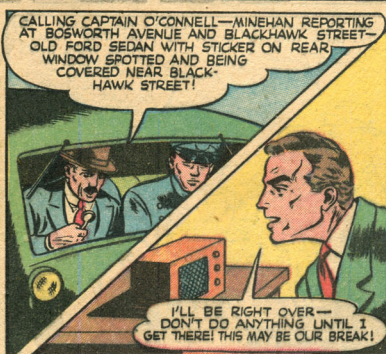
HE GOT OUT ON BOSWORTH AVENUE AND WALKED TOWARD BLACKHAWK STREET!

THANKS, POP!

BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

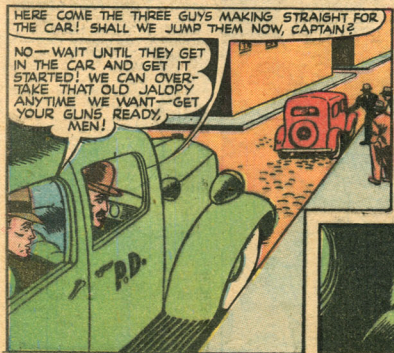


THESE PINS MARK THE SPOTS THAT HAVE BEEN STUCK UP RECENTLY! THE CENTER PIN MARKS THE SPOT WHERE OUR SUSPECT GOT OUT OF THE CAB! I WANT YOU MEN TO COVER THE AREA WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DUTY—FIND THE GET-AWAY CAR AND THAT MISSING WHISKEY BOTTLE! REPORT ANYTHING YOU FIND TO ME—IMMEDIATELY!



CALLING CAPTAIN O'CONNELL—MINEHAN REPORTING AT BOSWORTH AVENUE AND BLACKHAWK STREET—OLD FORD SEDAN WITH STICKER ON REAR WINDOW SPOTTED AND BEING COVERED NEAR BLACKHAWK STREET!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER—DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL I GET THERE! THIS MAY BE OUR BREAK!



HERE COME THE THREE GUYS MAKING STRAIGHT FOR THE CAR! SHALL WE JUMP THEM NOW, CAPTAIN?

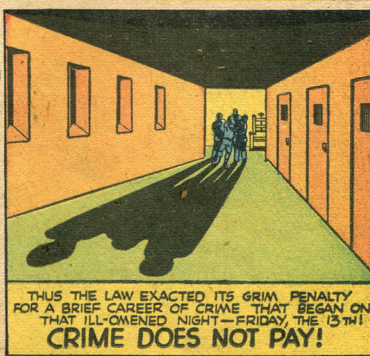
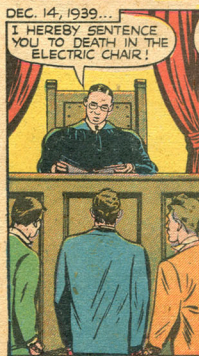
NO—WAIT UNTIL THEY GET IN THE CAR AND GET IT STARTED! WE CAN OVER-TAKE THAT OLD JALOPY ANYTIME WE WANT—GET YOUR GUNS READY, MEN!



PULL OVER TO THE CURB AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

D..DON'T SHOOT, COPPERS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Readers:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am a convict doing time for a crime I committed against society and my deepest regret is that I was not fortunate enough to behold this book CRIME DOES NOT PAY before I made that fatal mistake that leads you through ruin, sorrow, misery and sometimes death. So here is my greatest thanks to Mr. Biro and Mr. Wood for bringing such a great book into the lives of Americans.

A regular reader, H. L. W.

Here's more proof!

I noticed your letter page in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and thought that you might like to hear from someone your writers write about.

I am a registered fingerprint expert and criminal investigator. At present I operate Goodyear Investigation Service here in Clinton.

I have read your very fine magazine since it first appeared and can offer no finer praise for your very laudable work other than "Thanks."

I know of no other magazine that does more to combat crime than CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Keep it up. I have found that the Iowa State Training School for Boys will permit no other magazine in the comic field to be read other than CRIME DOES NOT PAY. A finer title could not have been selected because crime does not pay.

Sincerely, J. R. Bishop
529 Second Ave. S., Clinton, Iowa

A finer letter could not have been selected.

I was recently on probation for shoplifting. The Priest at my church suggested CRIME DOES NOT PAY as my monthly reader. Even probation had not made me realize how much crime does not pay, until I read the wonderful magazine. No one understands the change in me, but I guess you do, as I have you and your fine book to thank.

Sincerely yours, A. F., Boston, Mass.
Stick to it, and good luck.

I took your CRIME DOES NOT PAY to studyhall. My teacher caught me with it and said I should report to his room after school. He said, "Jean, this is the best comic book I have ever seen." The next day

he brought three of them to class. He passed them around and said, "Students, here is one comic book you may read in your spare time."

Sincerely, Jean S. Galdie

2019 Broadway, Menominee, Mich.

We salute your teacher's intelligence.

I am serving five years for robbery by assault in the Texas Prison System. I believe that if I had read your book on CRIME DOES NOT PAY sooner I would not be here today. Please print this letter if you can, it might keep some other boy out of prison.

I remain as ever, "TEX"

P.S. Sir, I am not at all proud of the fact that I'm in prison, so if you can, please refrain from using my name in your book, just sign the above paragraph "TEX." Thanks ever so much.

See what we mean?

Since I work in this Naval Prison as a Duty Personnel, I fully realize that CRIME DOES NOT PAY. If more lads had read CRIME DOES NOT PAY earlier in their youth and realized that fact, I am sure that this prison would not be here today. Hats off to your fine job in trying to prevent crime.

Harold A. DeLain F2/C, Duty Personnel
U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

You can play in our backyard anytime.

My 12-year-old son is reading CRIME DOES NOT PAY and I am making him some candy. Not that I have to coax him into reading your magazine. He is so particular about saving all of the issues that I have to coax him into letting me read it.

Mrs. Mabel M. Huff, Teacher
Route 4, Shawnee, Okla.

You may sit at the head of our class, teacher.

All of your magazines stress the principles of the Bill of Rights. CRIME DOES NOT PAY helps boys like me to see what has happened to others who have taken the wrong road. After reading it I feel as if I must do right. Thanks.

Yours, Walter Apperson
929 S. 6 Street, Mayfield, Ky.

Your outlook is the only reward we ask.

Letters must be limited to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. Address all letters to "What's On Your Mind?", CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

WASHED IN BLOOD



**A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY**

JOHNNY SPANISH WAS THE BIGGEST LAUNDRY RACKETEER IN CRIME-LAND. HIS BUSINESS WAS TO "WASH-UP" INNOCENT MEN! IN THAT WAY HE HIMSELF THOUGHT HE WAS CLEANING UP—UNTIL... SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED... AND JOHNNY GOT...

Lee Telford

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 11, 1930, JOHNNY SPANISH ENTERED A LAUNDRY SHOP...



AM I GETTING THE FIVE HUNDRED FER PROTECTION OR MUST I PUT A SLUG IN YA? WHICH IS IT, LUCAS?

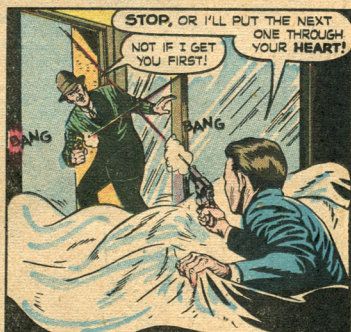
I'M A POOR MAN! WHERE WILL I GET FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I CAN'T AFFORD PROTECTION!

YA MEAN YA CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO HAVE IT... SAVVY?



A GUN! OKAY, JOHNNY, I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT! ONLY DON'T SHOOT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BE GLAD I WANTED YOU ALIVE! THAT BULLET COULD'VE GONE WHERE YOU TICK!

GET ME TO A HOSPITAL! I'M BLEEDIN' TA DEATH, YA GG*!!*!! COPPER!

THREE DAYS LATER, JOHNNY'S BONDSMAN PAID THE BAIL FOR HIS RELEASE.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YEAH? COUNT IT...THAT'S THE D.A.'S FINISHED WITH HIM, NO KIND OF DOUGH WILL SPRING JOHNNY SPANISH!



LATER...

LUCKY THAT SHOT WAS A FLESH WOUND, JOHNNY...YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN CRIPPLED FOR LIFE IF THE BULLET HAD HIT A BONE!

IT'S ALL THAT GG*!!*!! LUCAS' FAULT! I'M GOIN' TA GET THAT SQUEALER!

MEANWHILE, AT LUCAS' LAUNDRY...



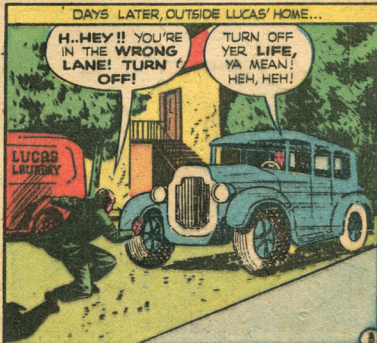
WE LAUNDRYMEN MUST STOP PAYIN' JOHNNY SPANISH OR ANY OTHER RACKETEER BLACK-MAIL MONEY FOR 'PROTECTION!' PROTECTION INDEED! IT'S AGAINST SPANISH!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, LUCAS?

NOT ANOTHER CENT FOR PROTECTION! NO MATTER WHAT JOHNNY SPANISH THREATENS, TELL THE POLICE ABOUT HIS RACKET!



LATER, WHEN THE MEETING BROKE UP... THEY'RE LEAVIN'! I CAN IMAGINE WHAT LUCAS HAS BEEN TELLIN' 'EM!...TA QUIT PAYIN' OFF! WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME I PAID LUCAS OFF!

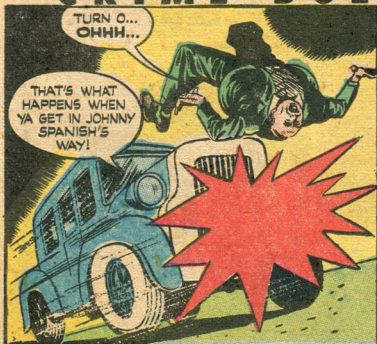


DAYS LATER, OUTSIDE LUCAS' HOME...

H..HEY!! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG LANE! TURN OFF!

TURN OFF YER LIFE, YA MEAN! HEH, HEH!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT AT THE SILVER BOWL...

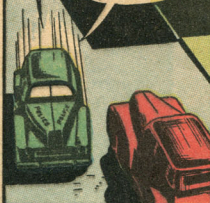
WE GOTCHA, COUCCI! WE'LL LET SPANISH HAVE IT SOON AS HE COMES OUTTA THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!

GIVE IT TO HIM FER GOOD! NOBODY CUTS IN ON MY TERRITORY AN' LIVES!



WE'LL BE AT THE SILVER BOWL IN THREE MINUTES, SIR!

FINE! THIS IS ONE PINCH I'M GOING TO ENJOY! WAIT TILL SPANISH LEARNS HIS GRAFT BOOMERANGED!



COUCCI WARNED SPANISH TA STAY OUTTA HIS LAUNDRY TERRITORY! THE BOSS DON'T LIKE NO COMPETITION!

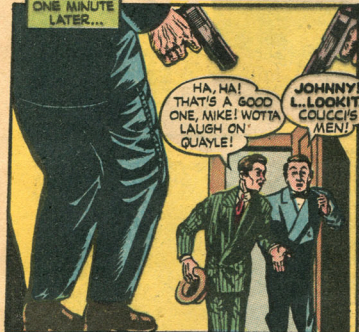
DA BOSS IS SMART! IN A WEEK SPANISH'D GET STRONG ENOUGH TO GO GUNNIN' FER HIM!



ONE MINUTE LATER...

HA, HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, MIKE! WOTTA LAUGH ON' QUAYLE!

JOHNNY! L...LOOKIT.. COUCCI'S MEN!



EEEEIIII!!

YOU BET WE GOT GUNS! TAKE 'EM, JOHNNY!



JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET UP!

BANG! BANG!



WHEN QUAYLE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...

A COUPLE OF COUCCI'S HOODS GOT HIM, QUAYLE!

THEY SURE WASHED SPANISH UP...IN BLOOD! GOOD RIDDANCE! AND WE'LL GET THEM NEXT!



QUAYLE KEPT HIS WORD! SPANISH'S KILLERS SOON FELT THE SWORD OF JUSTICE! CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Men!
Ladies!

Here's THE JACKET You've Wanted!
At a Sensational Saving!

Ladies' Only \$3.95



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Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which brings the know-on style gives "Flash" from the fashion front. Percy shoulders! Snare yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines... you will always enjoy its favorite Spun-Kite, just popular for its wear... for its beauty!

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Here's a sturdy "the-man's" jacket which will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Kite"—magically flexible, smartly tailored and color coordinated. All the warm, snug comfort of the old-fashioned buttoned back and wear. Grand buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, roomy pockets. Seamed sides.

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☐ Please rush me an approval of the Donald Duck Camera delivered here, complete with carrying strap. I will pay for this camera when I return it. If I am not delighted I may return this camera for a full refund within 10 days for refund.

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THE TELLTALE SCAR

A TRUE CRIME STORY

ON THE night of December 5, 1943, Bay City, Michigan was cold, yet a man stood without an overcoat and seemed not to mind the weather. Bay City's streets were brightly lit, yet, the alley where the man stood was dark. Much of Bay City's manhood was on land and sea and in the air throughout the world, fighting at that very moment for their lives and for the safety of their loved ones. This man, too, held a gun, but he was not a soldier. Nor was the jagged, red scar, reaching from ear to chin on his chalk-white face, a battle wound.

The man stood as still as death itself, his only movement was the slight imperceptible, tightening of his trigger finger. Not until the man saw the figure of another man, overcoat wrapped tightly about his heavy-set frame, bulging satchel in his gloved hand, opposite the alley, did the one holding the revolver make a motion. Then he stepped forward and his words were hurried.

"This is a stick-up," he said tensely. "Get back into the alley!"

The man accosted was Floyd Ackerman, well groomed, financially successful, manager of a chain of Bay City's theatres. This stick-up stuff sounded corny to him. It didn't make sense. It reminded him of one of his "B" pictures. He turned toward his assailant and almost grinned.

"Is this a gag?" he asked. Then Ackerman saw the flash of steel in the other's hand. His lips tightened.

Orange flame belched from the hand of the gunman. Ackerman grabbed his abdomen, lurched forward against his attacker, dropped to the ground. The other grabbed up the satchel, looked down on his victim and fired again. Then he disappeared into the night.

Floyd Ackerman, prone and weak on his hospital bed, knew he was going to die. He summoned all his remaining strength to tell Police Chief Frank Anderson as much as he could about the cowardly attack.

"Could have . . . been Pete Laskow. Former employee . . . but . . ."

"But what?" Anderson asked. He saw only too clearly that he must keep Ackerman talking.

"The white face . . . the scar . . ."

"Did Laskow have a scar? A white face?"

The tired eyes of the wounded man looked blankly at the officer. The drawn lips moved. "Got . . . eighteen hundred . . . dollars . . ." The lids

drooped. Ackerman had spoken his last words on earth. He sank into a coma and died early the following morning.

Under instructions from Chief Anderson, Detective Chester Projanowicz and Patrolman Joseph Talbot went at once in search of the missing employee. They found his rooming house without much trouble, learned that Laskow was away, supposedly visiting another city. They learned, too, that the former employee had been discharged because of incompetence.

"But he had no scar on his face," the landlady said.

"Take us to his room," Talbot said. "We'll see if we can pick up any evidence there."

Later the two officers reported their findings to Chief Anderson.

"There was nothing in the room to pin a murder charge on Laskow," said Detective Projanowicz.

Chief Anderson nodded. "That would be too much to hope for, anyway," he said. He remained silent, meditating, before he added: "You know what, boys? I'm sending to the State Police for assistance. They may have scientific methods of detection that we don't know about."

Detective Sergeant Harry Biggs, of the Michigan State Police, was assigned to assist the Bay City Police in the solution of the cold-blooded murder. Almost the first thing Detective Biggs did was to inspect the clothing Ackerman had worn on the night of the shooting. And his search was not unavailing.

"Look at this red spot on the shoulder of Ackerman's overcoat," Biggs said. "Could be blood."

"I suppose it could," Chief Anderson replied, "but why would it be up on the shoulder of the coat, when Ackerman was shot in the abdomen?"

Biggs shrugged. "We'll send the coat to the University of Michigan Laboratory at Ann Arbor."

Anderson tapped fingers thoughtfully against the knuckles of the other hand. "While we're waiting for a report," he said, "I've got an idea I'd like to follow up."

"Let's have it," Biggs replied.

"There's a man named Jack Albin living in this town. We suspect him of operating in crooked gambling, but have never been able to prove it. Now suppose Albin had won a large sum of money from someone at crooked dice and the person fleeced found out the fraud and threatened Albin. Isn't it possible that Albin might have taken steps to elimi-

nate the cause of the threat against him? Perhaps he could have hired a killer?"

"Was Ackerman a gambler?" Biggs asked.

"I have no reason to believe that he was," the Chief said, "but we're looking for a motive for Ackerman's death and the robbery angle might be just a blind. And Albin was seen in the neighborhood just before the shooting. Let's look up Albin."

Albin was soon located and led the police to his expensively furnished hotel suite. Seated comfortably, he answered the officer's questions without hesitation.

"I was on the post office steps at the time of the shooting, waiting for a blonde." Albin reached into his coat pocket for a pencil and paper. "Here, I'll give you her name and address."

"You carry a gun, don't you, Albin?" Chief Anderson asked next.

"Yes, a thirty-eight. And I have a permit to do so." Albin eyed his callers slyly then. "And according to the papers, the murder was done with a thirty-two."

Investigation of the girl mentioned by Albin completely corroborated Albin's alibi.

"They either have their story down pat," said the chief, "or they're in the clear."

At this point the case slowed down to a crawl. The report from the Michigan University Laboratory showed the red stain on Ackerman's coat to have been made by a water-color and had mixed in it particles of men's talcum. No man with a scarred face had been found, nor was his picture discovered in any rogues' gallery. Pete Laskow, finally located, established beyond doubt that he merely had been away in search of another job. Now the investigation reached the stage of sifting patiently infinite details, of waiting for the breaks.

"Perhaps we ought to look for an artist," suggested Chief Anderson.

"An artist no doubt," agreed Biggs, "but not the type of artist you're thinking of."

"No?" Chief Anderson knitted his brows. "You have something in mind?"

Before Detective Biggs could reply, Patrolman Talbot entered headquarters.

"Chief," he said, "I know a Korean named Woos who does a lot of gambling. Only today I heard him mention that he had just won a pile of dough."

Biggs sprang to his feet. "That may be the tie-up with Albin we've been looking for!" he exclaimed.

John Woos, greeting the police at his rooming house, was suave and, in his Oriental fashion, extremely polite.

"We hear you've been winning at gambling," Chief Anderson began. "We want to know where."

Woos bowed. "It is unfortunate that I cannot enlighten you, gentlemen, but honor does not permit . . ."

"In this case there's a murder involved," said the Chief. "You'd better talk."

Unruffled and impassive, the Oriental bowed again. "The name is Jack Albin, but I will not reveal his address."

It was difficult for the police to hide their elation at this sudden turn of events. For the time being, they let well enough alone and took their leave, advising Woos that they would call on him again if they wanted further information.

Outside Chief Anderson said, "Well, I think we've had a boost. This definitely ties in with our theory of gambling."

Biggs nodded. "It does more than that, Chief. I saw a book on amateur theatricals on Woos' table. There's a chapter in it on make-up!"

Chief Anderson pounded a fist into the palm of his hand. "You sure hit on something, Biggs! That scar could have been painted on!"

"Here's what we ought to do," Biggs went on. "Tomorrow, Talbot, you borrow something from Woos. A wrench, perhaps, from the plumbing shop where he works . . ."

The borrowed wrench told a great deal.

Checking up on Woos, Chief Anderson learned that he had already served time for a revenge murder and had been out on parole since last May!

Detective Biggs smiled grimly. "And here's over a thousand dollars I found hidden behind the baseboard of his room today. I think we're about ready for an arrest!"

Woos was suave and stubborn. All that night and most of the next day he stoutly insisted he was innocent, but the evidence seemed to grow larger and heavier on his shoulders. There was the money; the matching of the paint on the overcoat with that in his make-up kit; the fact that he had lost money to Albin, rather than having won; there was the dark suit he had been wearing most frequently until the night of the murder, that had disappeared. Little by little Woos weakened. Suddenly he blurted a confession.

On February 10, 1944, Woos, having pleaded guilty to first degree murder, was given a mandatory life sentence.

Just another twist to the old story! Woos lost money gambling, killed a man to get more. He had stolen a gun, had made up his face with the scar to throw off witnesses and the police. He almost did, he claimed. Almost? That's what all criminals claim: They ALMOST made it! And every time they fail, Justice answers: ALMOST is correct; crime does NOT pay!

(To protect innocent persons involved in Floyd Ackerman's murder, the names, Pete Laskow and Jack Albin are fictitious.)

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT?



DEATH SKATES INTO THE SPOTLIGHT OF AN ANCIENT RIVALRY! WHO SENT IN THIS GRUESOME PLAYER WHOSE GAME IS MURDER? HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU DISCOVER **WHO DUNNIT?**

FBG

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARKHAM COURIER...

BUT, CHIEF! HARD-MORE COLLEGE WILL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF MARKHAM U! I CAN WRITE THE OBITUARY RIGHT HERE!

WE HAVEN'T MISSED A SPORTS COVERAGE OF THE HARDMORE-MARKHAM WINTER MEET IN TWENTY YEARS! SCRAM, MALLOY, OR I'LL WRITE YOUR OBITUARY!

YOU GUYS READY TO BE SLAUGHTERED?

ARE WE! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HARDMORE THIS YEAR! WE COULDN'T BEAT THEIR FRESHMEN!

ANY STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS, COACH GUY? BY HOW MANY POINTS WILL MARKHAM LOSE?

DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN MARKHAM BEATS HARDMORE, MALLOY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AN UPSET OVER HARDMORE? SLY, YOU'RE NUTS!

I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL WIN EVERY EVENT! JUST WAIT AND SEE!

AND SO, TO SNOW VALLEY, TRADITIONAL ARENA FOR THE CLASHES BETWEEN HARDMORE AND MARKHAM, COME THE UNEVENLY MATCHED CLUBS!—HARDMORE, THE HEAVY FAVORITE!



HI THERE, COACH! WHERE'D YOU GET THE ARMY OF BLOND GIANTS?

JUST A COINCIDENCE, MALLOY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO BEAT MARKHAM! WE HAVE THE STRONGEST TEAM IN HARDMORE HISTORY!



HIP, HIP, HOORAY FOR HARDMORE!

COME ON, FELLOWS! LET'S GIVE HARDMORE'S BEST ROOTER FOR YEARS A REAL RIDE!

LOOK AT OLD MISS WILLS! SHE SURE LOVES THE HARDMORE TEAMS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MISS WILLS? SHE'S ALL RIGHT!

HI, THERE, MALLOY! AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL?

MISS WILLS HAD A BEAU AT HARDMORE, MALLOY! SHE'S ROOTED FOR HARDMORE EVER SINCE!

ONLY SAD THING ABOUT THIS TEAM IS TOM KRYKE! HE SHOWED MORE PROMISE THAN ANY ONE ELSE UNTIL HE BROKE HIS LEG DURING PRACTICE!

TOUGH BREAK FOR KRYKE! TO SEE THE OTHERS PLAY WHEN HE'S ON THE SIDELINES!

WHY SHOULD THEY WALK WHILE I MUST DRAG MYSELF AROUND LIKE THIS? IT'S NOT FAIR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THAT NIGHT...

YOU HEARD ME! PLACE ALL MY MONEY ON MARKHAM—A ONE TO TEN UNDERDOG, BUT THEY ARE GONNA WIN THIS MEET!

WELL, I'LL BE... NICKY NIXTO, THE BIG GAMBLER BETTING ON A SURE LOSER! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

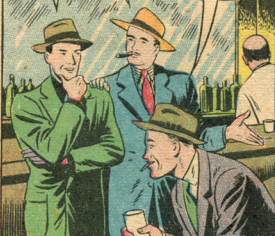
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA BETTING ON A LOSER, NIXTO?

LOSER, NOTHIN'! I GOT A HOT TIP FROM MEENY!

YOU REMEMBER ME, MALLOY DON'T YOU? EX-COACH OF HARDMORE, THROWN OUT ON MY EAR AT THE START OF THE SEASON!

YOU DESERVED IT, MEENY! THERE WAS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SO HARSH WITH YOUR TEAM! YOU WERE A SLAVE DRIVER!

THEY'LL REGRET FIRING ME! THEY'RE GOING TO LOSE!



SURE, MY TEAM'S WEAKER, BUT I STILL PREDICT AN UPSET!

PUT ALL MY DUGH ON MARKHAM!

HARDMORE WILL LOSE BECAUSE THEY FIRED ME AS THEIR COACH!

SOMETHING'S SCREWY HERE! HOW COME THERE'S SO SURE HARDMORE WILL LOSE? HMM... TOMORROW WILL TELL!

THE NEXT MORNING, THE MEET BEGINS!

THE FIRST JUMP GOES TO HARDMORE! ALL READY, GET SET, GO!

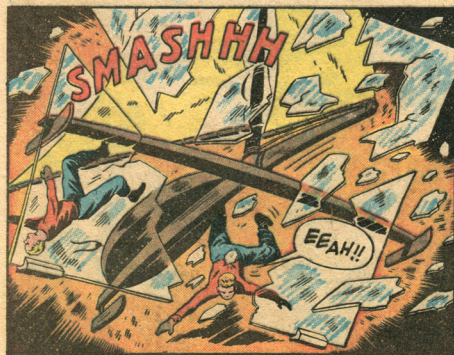
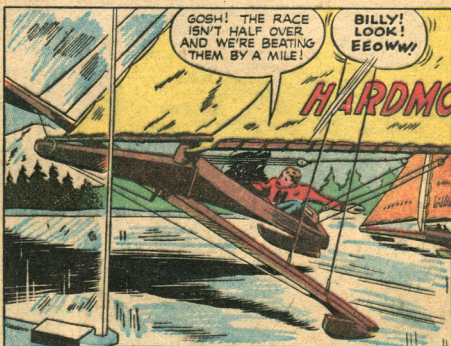
THE SKI JUMPS IN THE BAG FOR HARDMORE! THEIR JUMPER COULD MAKE THE OLYMPIC TEAM LOOK SICK!



DOWN THE SLOPE WINGS THE HARDMORE JUMPER, UNTIL...



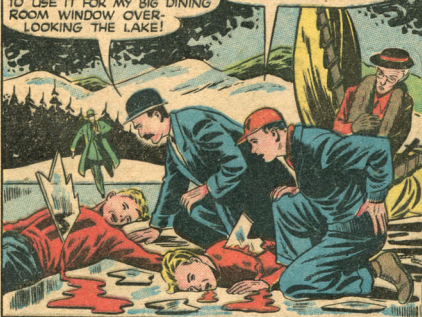
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

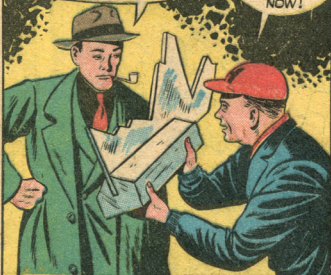
THAT PANE OF GLASS CAME FROM MY HOTEL! I WAS GOING TO USE IT FOR MY BIG DINING ROOM WINDOW OVER-LOOKING THE LAKE!

SOMEBODY STOLE IT TO CRIPPLE MY ATHLETES!



SEE THAT WHITE PAINT ON THE WOODEN HOLDERS? THE KILLER DIDN'T WANT THE ICE-SLED CREW TO SEE IT 'TIL IT WAS TOO LATE!

MARKHAM'S PILED UP TOO MANY POINTS-HARDMORE CAN'T WIN NOW!



ANYBODY COULD'VE MOVED THE PANE ACROSS THE ICE LAST NIGHT!

ANOTHER TOUGH BREAK FOR HARDMORE, WHO LOSES BY DEFAULT! TEK! TSK!



THIS ENDS THE EVENTS FOR TODAY! WE'LL CONTINUE THE MEET TOMORROW!

I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND THE HOTEL STORE-ROOM! MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE!



LATER, OUTSIDE THE STOREROOM...

THOSE HOLES IN THE SNOW WERE MADE BY CRUTCHES! WOULD THAT KRYKE KID BE TAKING SOME FORM OF HIDEOUS REVENGE FOR BEING CRIPPLED HIMSELF?



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SUSPECTS, MALLOY, LOOK AT MEENY OR NIXTO, OR COACH SLY OF MARKHAM! SLY'S CLEANING UP ON HIS BETS ON MARKHAM!

SO SLY'S BETTING ON HIS OWN TEAM? VERY INTERESTING!

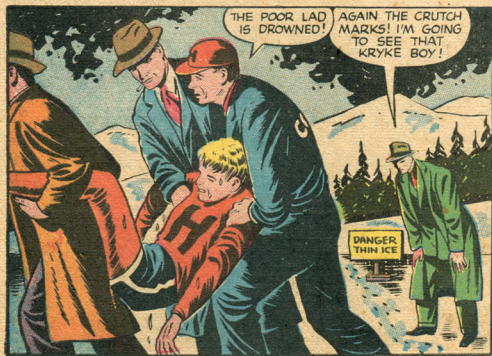
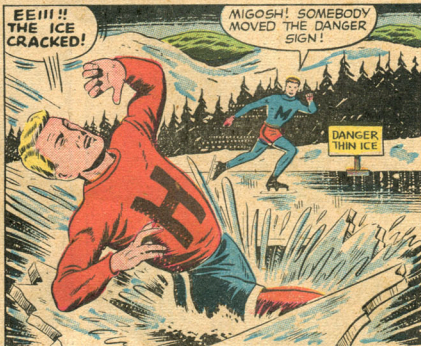


SURE I BET ON MARKHAM! I'M LOYAL TO MY OWN TEAM! ANYTHING WRONG ABOUT THAT?

YES, WHEN HARDMORE LOSES BY DEADLY ACCIDENTS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



GREAT SCOTT! SOMEBODY'S PUSHED KRYKE OUT OF HIS WINDOW!

EEAAA!



TH...THE KILLER STOLE MY CRUTCHES, MALLOY... LAST NIGHT...TRIED TO THROW S...SUSPICION ON ME...OH-HH...

WHO STOLE...HE'S DEAD! THE SECRET'S LOCKED INSIDE HIM!



ONE OF YOU KILLED KRYKE, JUST AS YOU KILLED THE HARDMORE ATHLETES!

THE POOR LADS! (SNIFF)

YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING, MALLOY, SO STOP PLAYING DETECTIVE!



NIXTO, YOU'RE CLEANING UP BETTING ON MARKHAM! THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, COACH SLY! AND MEENY MIGHT BE THE JINX ITSELF!



BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO MURDER THOSE NICE, BLOND YOUNG MEN?

ONLY A MADMAN, MISS WILLS!



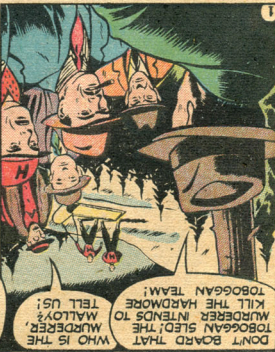
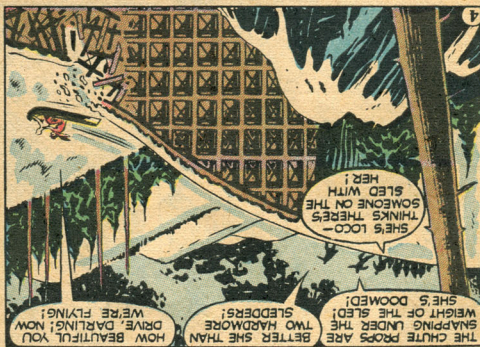
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? I'LL HAVE THE MURDERER DEAD TO RIGHTS IN TWENTY MINUTES!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE TOWN OF SNOW VALLEY...

ONE LOOK AT THE GAZETTE'S NEWSPAPER FILES WILL TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



Amazing
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CHECK SIZE: 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18 ☐ 20 ☐
CHECK COLOR: Fuschia ☐ French Blue ☐

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THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH**

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |

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